

As smal as men maye se at eye
In the deserte of Lybpe
Ne no maner creature
That is yformed by nature
Ne sawe I, me to rede or wishe
O Christ thought I, that are in blisse
From fanton and illusion
Me saue, and with deuocyon
Myne yen to the heuen I caste
Tho was I ware, lo at the lasse
That faste by the sonne on hie
As henne myght I with mine eye
He thought I sawe an Egle soze
But that it semed moche more
Than I had anye Egle yseine
This is as sothe as death certaine
It was of golde and shone so bright
That neuer sawe men soche a sight
But yf the heuen had ywonne
Al newe of god another sonne
So shone the Egles fethers bright
And som what downwarde gan it lyght.

Explicit liber primus.



Nowe herken euerye ma-
ner man
That Englishe bnder
standecan
And lysteth of my dreame
to here
for now at erst shal ye lere
So sely and so dzedefull a

bylpon

That I laye neither Scipion
Ne kinge Nabugodonosore
Pharao, Turnus, ne Alcanore
Ne metten soche a dreame as this
Nowe faire blissful, O Cipris
So be my fauour at this time
That ye me tendite and rime
Helpeth, that in Vernaso dwel
Besyde Elicon the clere wel
O thought, that wrote al that I met
And in the tresorie it set
Of my braine, nowe shal men se
If any vertue in the be
To tel al my dreame aright
Nowe kithe thy engin and thy might

This Egle of whiche I haue you tolde
That with fethers shone al of golde
Whiche that so hie gan to soze
I gan beholde more and more
To sene her beaute an the wonder
But neuer was that dente of thynnder

Ne that thinge that men cal foudre
That smite somtime a toure to poudre
And in his swiste comynge brende
That so swithe gan down warde discende
As this foule whan it behelde
That I a rowme was in the felde
And with his grim pawes stronge
Within his sharpe nailes longe
He fleyng at a swappe he hente
And with his sours again by wente
He caryng in his clawes sharke
As lyghtly as I had ben a larke
Howe hye I can not tellen yowe
For I came by, I nist neuer howe
For so affronted an afwened
Was euery vertue in me heued
What with his sours and my dzed
That al my felkinge gan to deed
For why, it was a great affraye

Thus I longe in his clawes laye
Til at last he to me speake
In mannes voice, and said awake
And be not agast so for shame
And called me tho by my name
And for I shulde better abraide
Me to a wake, thus he saide
Right in the same voice and stemm
That vseth one that I can neuin
And with that voice sothe to saine
My minde came to me againe
For it was goodly saide to me
So nas it neuer wonte to be
And here withal I gan to lere
As he me in his fete bere
Til that he felte that I had heate
And felte eke tho mine hearte beate
And tho gan he me to disporte
And with gentel wordes me comforte
An said twyse, saint Mary
Thou arte a noyous thinge to cary
And nothings nedeth it perde
For also wise god helpe me
As thou no harme shalce haue of this
And this case that betidde the is
As for thy loze and for thy prowe
Lette se, darst thou loke yet nowe
Be ful ensured boldely
I am thy frende, and therwith I
Can for to wonder in my minde

O God (q I) that madest al kinde
Shal I none other wise die
Wheder Ioue wil me stellyfie
Or what thing maye this signifie
I am neither Enoche ne Helye
Ne Romulus, ne Ganemede

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